



The pleasaunt and fine

conceited Comœdic of two Italian Gen-
tlemen, wwith the merie deuises of
Captaine Crack-stone.

Actus prima.

Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio and Captain Crack-stone, Fortunio shewing very sad countenance.

HE that discloseth to a friend the secrets of his minde:
Doth rob him selfe of libertie, besides we dayly finde,
That others councells wil by such in every eare be bloweren:
As haue no power when time requires, to smother all their
Heauie and sad shewe seell I am, but why my hart is soze; (olue
Of curteisie content thy selfe and aske me that no more.

Fortunio.

¶ Heauie in deed and as heauie as lead,
Either it is some of these same bremy quauers, or some kinde of
pricksong that runnes in his head. (rye of a Captain)
Hearre you Maister Fortunio, by the honor of a Soldier, by the glo-
By all the Poleaces and tormenters, that theise hands haue slain,
Doo but scour your minde to mee, and shut vp your greef:
Either Ile finde you some ease, or you shalbe hanged for a thiefe.
You knowe I am a god fellowe, nothing venture nothing haue,
If I had not put my tarcas to the Jibbet, I had not been thus braue.
So now, if you venture not to shewe some truely body your minde;
It will be very long ere the dresser you finde.

Crack-
stone.

And so peraduenture you shall never be sped: (bed.
For wh en the Cooke is out of the way, you must goe supper lese to
¶ How findeth he redresse, that breakes his minde unto a knave? Fortunio.
¶ What is learnt, where folly sets the wiser sorte to schole?

A Pleasant Comedie

Yet sith he braves it with the best, in every company:
And knowes where every gallant loues, and sees the remedy,
I will not stick to let him knowe the secrets of my hart:
And make him partner of my pain, and privie to my smart.
Doo you knowe Victoria?

Crack-stone. ¶ Do not I knowe her? what think yee? (tance with mee:
As though ere a proper gentlewoman in Naples were out of quaine.
Fortunio. ¶ Her hauie I seen of late, and often by her windowe past:
From which shee let a letter fall, which taking vp in hast,
I read, and found within describde the frantique fits of loue:
Whether it were for mee, or any els I cannot proue.
Whether she faine and baite her hookes the simple to beguile:
Cannot be found, till wit by line hauie measured every wile.
I knowe she loued Fedele once, before he went to Spain:
And meanes perhaps to loue him still, sith hee's returnd again.
Doo thou but sifft him for my sake, and haunt out his desire:
And doutles thou shalt hauie of mee, thy Captains pay for hire.

Crack-stone. ¶ If this be all Sir, let mee alone,
About your busnesse you may be gone.

Fortunio. ¶ I will saele Signior Fedele's minde very cunningly:
And return you an answer of this gear presently.

Crack-st. ¶ Gramercie, be trustye.

Crack-st. ¶ As trusty as steele:
I haue no fault but one, I am somewhat short in the heele.

Fortunio. ¶ Mi raccommendo.

Crack-st. ¶ Basilius Codpeece for an olde Manus,
You shall not haue her at rack and maunger I trowe:
Somewhat by this for mine owne proportion I knowe.
When two bones are at strife for a dog, it is commonly seuen:
That the third comes and takes it, and wipes their mouthes cleen.
I mean as you see mee in this braualitie:

To be a suter to Victoria with all proffagalitie. (while:
I brought Butter and Cheese hether to vittaile the Camp a great
Many times I would nick them of their measure,
and the Soldiers beguile.

Like a crafty knaue, by this meanes I got so much gain:
That I bought this apparell of a Captain that was slain.
And wearing the same abroad as you see:

Exit.

The

of two Italian Gentlemen.

The Soldiers all the towne ouer, make a Captain of me.
One calles mee Captain Chese, an other Captain Crust:
An other braue Crack-stone, take which name ye lust.
The Gentlemen are every one glad of my company: (mery.)
Because I haue such a wilde wome in my bed, as makes them all.
The women they loue mee, Victoria is cheese:
But shē hath been somwhat strange of late, therfore to be bēſe,
I thought some strawes were in the pad, that shē lookt so coy:
But now haue at her again, with a fresh bed in my toy.
I will first vnderproyn Sir Fedele his minde to vnderstand:
Shee god luck, his Schoolmaister and her Maid are at hand.
As bothe of them frēndly togither do walke:
I will sneke into a corner and hearken to their talke. Step aside,

Actus prima

Scena secunda.

Enter Pedante the Parasite, attired in a gown and cap
like a Schoolmaister, and with him Attilia.

Attilia.

I pray you maister Schoolmaister let me be gone:
I haue haste on my way, Ile be at home again anone.
Q Sweet hart and bag pudding goe you so swiftly?
Haue with you then, do ye lack any company?
Q In faith Sir no.

Pedante.

I pray you tell me one thing before you parte,
I think you be somewhat wetherwise by your arte.
Do you knowe me by acquaintance, or gesse you by aime?
That you hit so right on my office in stead of my name?

Attilia.

Pedante.

Q I haue seen you before if I am not beguilde: (childe. Attilia.)

You haue been Schoolmaister to maister Fedele euer since he was a

Pedante.

Q True sweet hart, but I pray thee be not angry with mee:
But give me leaue a little while to moue a question to thee.
What is your name, and where do you dwell?

Q Hoste, there lay a strawe, that will I not tell.

Attilia.

Alas poor Attilia, what meanes he by this?

If I stay with him long, my mistres Victoria her servant wil misse.

About your busines good Sir, I pray you get you away:

I purpose not to tell you my name this day.

Q Be not so strange faire Lady, I knowe your name very well, Pedante.
And the name of your mistres, and the place where you dwell.

A Pleasant Comedie

- Attilia. ¶ If you do, much good do it you, I can tary no longer:
Pedante. ¶ Then I perceiue I shall be driven to try who is the stronger.
I shall tell you one thing if it please you to stay: (stop her.)
Attilia. ¶ Speak your minde quickly, a word and away,
Pedante. ¶ Be not angry I beseech you, to hear that is true,
You are the fairest Creature that euer I did view.
Attilia. ¶ What followes of this?
Pedante. ¶ I like you, and loue you, before all the
Creatures that ever I knew,
Attilia. ¶ What ill luck is this! I say nothing that makes me to loue and
Pedante. ¶ You might if you triide me, for I come of the smiters: (like you.)
Attilia. ¶ Great barkers are none of the greatest biters.
Pedante. ¶ Good mistres Attilia, because you haue haste:
I will talke with you more, when your busnes is past.
If I can be spared from my Maister so long, soon at night:
I will resorte to your house, and lay my meaning wide
open before your sight.
Attilia. ¶ Farwel Sir Pedante, look you be not too quick: Exit.
Pedante. ¶ What a drunken woor am I that gaue her never a liche,
This falles out pat for my Maister Fedele, and comes in the nick.
By cogging and countersaiting loue, as you see;
If Attilia be so mad, as to like and loue mee,
By her all the Jugling other mistres I shall knowe:
And finde whether any new comers,
haue set my Maister beside the cushin o' me.
Crack-
stone. ¶ This is as exrement for my proposition as can be possible,
Soon at night like the Scholmaister will I be affilte.
First come, first seru'd, if the maid be so friendly to let me in:
Then Ha Ha Ha, the battaille will beginne,
With that Magnanumisfrelsie and mercy, that in mee dooth lie:
Ile make a conflit of the Mistres, and let the maid goe.
Farewell seely Scholmaister.
this Injunction is not found in his Aduerb I trowe. Exit.
Pedante. ¶ These tidings wilbe joyfull to my maister I am sure,
Who for loue of Victoria suffers many a sharp shower:
Loe where he comes walking by him selfe alone,
With his head full of thoughts, and his hart full of mone.
Rowle by your wittes Sir, what are you a sleep?

Nenner

of two Italian Gentlemen.

Never be so base minded to a woman to creep.

Hæ, hæ, your cap on your head, god manners forgot,

Now you are come to your owne swinge, you knowe me not.

Do your dutie to your maister, god nurture is best:

In via virtutis non progredi, regredi est.

¶ Alas my care so closeth vp my sight:

Fedele.

That all is lost, wherin I shold delight.

¶ You knowe that it may be said of me, which was said of Ulisses, Pedante.

Multorum hominum mores qui vident et urbes.

Therefore if you desire mee your cares to relæue:

The best counsell I can, to you I will giue.

¶ You knowe Victoria is the cause of all my secret smart:

Fedele.

Victoriaes beautie is the worme, that gnawes me to the hart.

What counsaile now?

¶ Did not I teach you long agoe out of tragical Seneca:

Pedantes.

His golden saying, duo omnium malorum foemina?

Did I not cause you with your pen in the margent of your book,
to marke that place:

And yet will you be tooting on a beautifull face?

Whiche no other wise vanisheth, and away doth goe:

Then water, that never returnes to the syring,
from whence it did flowe.

Beantie is so tickle a foundation to bear any frame:

And loue so uncertain, that it thowes the house on his hed
that built the same.

Wherupon I gaue you a good lesson of olde:

Euery letter therof would be written in Golde.

Quod iuuat exiguum est, plus est quod laedit amantes:

They knowe what I mean that are verficautes

¶ If this colde comfort in my need, be all that I shall haue:

Fedele.

Out of my sight. No succour at thy handes I mean to craue.

¶ Adulitus Iuuenis tandem custode remoto:

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper.

The right course of the world, now he runnes vpon wheeles:

Had I knownen this when you were a boy,

I would haue hamperd your hæles.

If were a god ded to set all your fortune at eu'en and od:

And let you alone till you are beaten with your owne rod.

Witt.

But

A Pleasant Comedie

But the loue that I bear to you every day:
Will not suffer me to see this god witte cast away.
Some tidings I haue for you, therfore be not afraid:
I am growen in acquaintance with Victoriaes maid.
By whome I trust in the end to knowe:
What Duters to her Mistres resorte too and fro.
If no body els do followe the game:
The spark that you left in her brest, will break out in a flame.
¶ Thankes god Pedante, get thee home and leaue me heer a space:
To trye if I may meet with faire Victoria in this place.
¶ I knowe where to pick that the bain may bleed:
See how faire he doth speak, when his humour I feed.
This passeth Prosodia, Sintaxis and all,
Tis the way to my profit to stop to his call.

Exit.

¶ Heer was I wunt to meet with her, and heer I mean to walke:
And sound her meaning if I may, by mouing her to talke.

Victoria setteth open the Casement of her windowe and with
her Lute in her hand playeth, and singeth this dittie.

I flooue be like the flower that in the night,
When darknes drownes the glory of the Skyes:
Smelles sweet, and glitters in the gazers sight,
But when the gladsome Sun beginnes to rise,
And he that viewes it, would the same imbrace:
It withereth, and looseth all his grace.

Why doo I loue and like the cursed Tree,
Whose buddes appeare, but fruite will not be seen:
Why doo I languish for the flower I see?
Whose root is rot, when all the leaues be green.
In such a case it is a point of skill:
To followe chaunce, and loue against my will.

Speake. Ah por Victoria, heer it was thy guise,
To stand and see Fortunio passing by:
Whose louely shape hath caught me by mine eyes,
And meanes to make me prisoner while I dye.
To gaze on him was life to mee before:
His absence death, because I set no more.

Dh.

of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ Oh grēdy loue that never fieleth glut,
How haue I boasted of Victoriaes grace?
With feare at last from fauour to be shut,
And lose the light of such a shining face?

Fedele.

Shall neither teares, nor toyle, nor broken sleepe:
Haue force enough a Ladies loue to keep?

¶ And hath Fortunio now forgot the way.
Which by my windowe learnd of late to walke:
See the disturber of my peace this day,
Fedele comes to proffer mee some talke.

Victoria.

With her is he, his patience I will proue:
Whome for Fortunios sake I cannot loue.

¶ I serue a Mistres whiter then the snowe,
Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the Glasse:
Finer in trip and swifter then the Roe,
More pleasant then the Field of flowing Grasse.

Fedele.

More gladsome to my withering Joyes that fade:
Then Winters Sun, or Sommers cooling shade,
Sweete then swelling grape of ripest wine,
Hosier then feathers of the fairest Swan:
Smother then Jet, more stately then the Pine,
Fresher then Poplar, smaller then my span.

Clearer then Beauties fiery pointed beam:

¶ By sie cruste of Christalles frozen stream.

Pet is shē curst then the Beare by kinde,
And harder harted then the aged Oke:
More glib then Dyle, more sickle then the winde,
Stiffer then Steele, no sooner bent but broke.

Loe thus my seruice is a lasting sore:

Yet will I serue although I dye therfore.

Enter Victoria.

¶ Now must I either fode him off with fained curtisie:
Or els be coy in talke, to rid mee of his company. Shee offreth
Sir Fedele well met, and so farewell, I must away: to departe
My busines is such as will not suffer me to staye. & he stay-

Victoria.

¶ Mistres Victoria: let vs haue one word before yee goe, eth her. Fedele.
Oh loue, oh death, between you bothe, vouchsafe to rid my woe.

¶ A wunder sure it is to see, how gentlemen complain:

Victoria.

What

A Pleasant Comedie.

What care, what care, what hell on earth, for women they sustaine,
Your peace is war, your sleep is watching, and your ease is toyle;
Your life is death, your mirth is mone, and your successe a soyle.
These wo:des are vsde for ornaments to beautifie your stile:
And these I think you followe, poore Victoria to beguile.

Fedele.

If for your sake alone, more then for any other dame:
I were not thus tormented, then, I graunt I were too blame.
But sith your golden graces are the cause of all my greene:
Give eare and credit to my plaint, and yeld me some releefe.

Victoria.

If this be true, why did you part, and stay so long in Spain:
Delay breeds losse, either I thought you would not come again.
Or els that change of company would alter your delight,
And absence put me out of minde, that shut me out of sight.
Did not I say, that your departure would my death procure?

Fedele.

You did.

Victoria.

And could you make me then to feele so sharp a shoure?

Fedele.

Pred hathe no lawe, the matter toucht my land and life so neare:
That I was forste against my will, to stay no longer haer.
But sith I haue dispatcht, according to mine owne desire:
Loe haer I am to serue you still, in bitter frost, or fier.

Actus prima.

Scena tertia,

Enter Attilia, Maid to Mistresse Victoria, with Pamphila,
Maid to Mistres Virginia, and Medusa the Enchantresse
with her box of enchantments vnder her arme.

Victoria.

D^eparte Fedele for this time, come to me soon at night,
I will consider better of your plaint and heauie plight.
My maid and other company doth please into this place:
It were not god to make them all, acquainted with your case.

Fedele.

A thousand thankes, this in your ear, let that the token bee, Exit.

Victoria.

I knowe your meaning Sir, farewell, referre the rest to mee.

Attilia.

Alas poore soule, he little knowes, how colde a sute he hathe,

Pamphila.

He must be dallied with a while, for fear of after scathe.

Attilia.

And must you seek Fedele out?

Pamphila.

I must.

Attilia.

But to what end?

Pamphila.

To craue of cartesie, that he would stand me Mistres frende.

Mistres

of two Italian Gentlemen.

Mistres Virginia;

Attilia.

The same.

Pamphil.

In what matter I pray.

Attilia.

Thats counsaile vnto you, I must not every thing bewray.
And yet by her, so bitter is the taste of loue, I finde:
That gall were sweter to the mouth, and better to the minde.

Pamphil.

I haue the Hare on foot.

Attilia.

But kno we you where Fedele is?

Pamphila

Him at his house, or walking in the street you shall not misse.

Exit. Attilia.

Farewell, I will goe seek him straight.

Pamphila

Pet finde him not too soon:

Attilia.

Alas poore soule, her sute is colde before it be begyn,

Loe heer the common fault of loue, to followe her that flyes:

And flye from her that makes pursuite, with loud lamenting cryes.

Fedele loues Victoria, and shē hath him forgot:

Virginia likes Fedele best, and hēe regardes her not.

W^t foolish loue, and louers that look not to theire state,

Medusa.

But swimme against the tide, and then repent when tis too late.

If wē cbuld learne to seek to them, that vnto vs do sue:

The match were made, and wē should haue no cause at all to rue.

When wē be coy, and holde our freendes aloofe at cap and knee:

The Mart is marde, and every eye our folly then dooth see.

What talke you there Attilia?

Victoria.

No hurt at all to you.

Attilia.

What newes?

Victoria.

God, sweet, and ioyfull newes, Mistres I bring you now.

Attilia.

Hast thou met with Fortunio?

Victoria.

Not so.

Attilia.

Then what's the newes?

Victoria.

As I was walking through the streets alone:

Attilia.

Deuising how to finde a remedie to cure your mone,

Victoria.

I met Medusa with her bor and trinckets as you see:

Attilia.

Whose cunning shortly shall devise, the way to set you free.

Victoria.

No way without Fortunio.

Attilia.

Fortunio you shall haue:

Victoria.

Be not afraid therfore in this: this womans aide to craue.

Attilia.

Shē can enchant, and worke wunders, by Magicks learned art:

Shē can with wordes, with charmes and hearbes, giue you Fortu-

nioses hart.

C.j.

Make

A Pleasant Comedie

Make much of her.

- Victoria. Ah sole, I knowe that loue is such a passion of the minde:
As neither Ayrye Sprites can rule, nor force of Magick binde.
- Attilia. Yet trye her cunning, sith that I haue brought her into place,
- Victoria. Medusa, will thy drugges procure a pining louer grace?
- Medusa. Mistres, they will.
- Victoria. Open thy bor and let me see thy store:
- Let me haue that shall pleasure me, Ile pay thee well therfore.
- Medusa. Haer is an Egge of a black Hen, a quill pluckt from a Crole,
Who with this pen writes on this Egge, a charme þ I do knowe
And names the party whome they like: the same shall loue again,
What think you of this remedye?
- Attilia. This remedye is vain.
- Look farther yet into your bor, some other medicin proue:
Because my Mistres cares not for the single iuice of loue.
She craueth more, shée must enjoy the party shē desires:
- Victoria. If ye holde thy peace.
- Attilia. Els hath shē not the thing that shē requires.
- Medusa. Loe heer a spoonfull of a Virgins milke,
Incorporated with a pece of dove:
Powdred with cinders of fine Spanish Silke,
And steeped in the liquor of a Slowe.
- On thone side write Venus and Cupids name:
On thother his that lou'd, then take the same
And broyle it on the coales vnto a cruff,
Basting it well with hony dropes and oyle:
Gine it to him you loue, to kindle lust,
And then your loue shall never suffer foyle.
- This will so binde the gallant whome you chuse:
That he shall nere him selfe heerafter loose.
- Attilia. All this is to no purpose, yet me thinks you are too wide:
What pleasure can my Mistres haue so long as he is tied?
- Victoria. Shē meanes not tied in hand or foot, but bound to be my slave:
In all the seruices and duties that I mean to craue.
- Medusa. Haere are two hartes, the one was taken out of a black Cat:
The other from a Pigion: haer is the blood of a Batte.
Haere is a pece of Virgin ware, haers an inchaunted Bean,
To make you goe inuisible,

You

of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ You knowe not what I mean.

Victoria,
Attilia.

¶ These thinges are pretay, but they are not for my Mistres sif,
For if she be invisible, I pray what profits it?

She shall beholde the man, whome shae delighteth moste to see:
But beeing hid: she never can enioye his companye.

Pet shewe vs more.

¶ Haer's thinges will make men melt in fittes of loue,
A wanton Coates braine, and the Liver of a purple Dove.
A Cockes eye, and a Capons spurre, the left legge of a Quaile:
A Goose bill, and a Ganders tung, a mounting Eagles tayle.
But sith they must be taken in thincreasing of the Moone:
Before the rising of the Sun, or when the same is down.
And closely wrapt in Virgin parchment on a Fryday night:
I will not trouble you with these.

Medusa.

¶ Of more lets haue a sight.

Victoria:
Medusa.

¶ Haer is the Image of a man, made out in Virgin ware,
Whiche beeing prickt, or toasted in the flame of burning flare.
hee that you loue shall come and throwe him selfe before your feet:
More humble then a Lambe, to do what you shall think is meet.

¶ That is it.

Victoria:
Attilia.

¶ This is it must do my Mistres god:

By Images it must be wrought, Loue is a holy Rod.

¶ Wee must withdrawe our selues aside, and work it out of sight: Medusa.

¶ Enter my house, the Sun is set, & now begins the night. Exeunt Victoria.

The first Act beeing ended, the Consorte of Musique
soundeth a pleasant Galliard.

Actus secunda.

Scena prima.

Enter Captain Crack-stone, disguised like a Schoolmaister, in
the apparell of Pedante, with a book in his hand.

S ofte, for it is night, I must not make any noyse I trowe:
He thinks this apparell makes me leard,
which of all these Starres do I knowe.

Crack-
stone.

Ponder is the græn Dog, and the blew Beare,
Harry Horners Girdle, and the Lyons eare.
He thinkes I should spoyle Lattin before I beware;

C.ij.

Argus

A Pleasant Comoedie

Argus mecum insputare?

Cur Canis tollit poplitem,

Cum mingit in parietem?

Alice tittle tattle Mistres Victoriaes Maid:

If I speake like the Scholmaister, shē will never be afraid.

As soon as she opens the dōre to let mē in:

With my Ropericall aliquanci I will begin.

Swinum, Vulum, Porcum. Graye-goosorum iostibus:

Enter Fedē Rentibus dentibus, lofadishibus, come after vs.

e and Pe. I haue berayed my selfe I think with speaking so high:

Hante. This is Sir Fedele that is so nigh.

Till he be past it were not good for mē to appāre:

Therefore Ile slip into the Temple,

and hide me in the Combe that standeth heere.

Fedele. ¶ Too straunge it is, that when I should reioyce,

A chilling feare dooth slit through every vaine;

And when I hope to heare Victoriaes voice,

Doubt throwes me downe into dispaire again.

The comfort that she gaue me, was so colde:

That for my life I dare not be too bolde.

Pedante. ¶ Degeneres animos timor arguit,

saint hart never wun faire Lady they say:

And Amor odit inertes, take that by the way.

Seeing shē appointed this time, for ward with a courage,

never stand you in doubt:

Imagination many times fetcheth wunders about.

Not because it changeth the course of the thing you would finde:

But because it dooth rule and gouern the minde.

Fedele. ¶ I shiner still, come beare me company,

Untill thou seest me nearer to the dōre:

Thy speech dooth gine me comfort mightily,

And egges me on unto it more and more.

Pedante. ¶ Andate allegramente, you are right vnder her windowe now:

What shall I do, will you haue me to leaue you?

Fedele. ¶ Not so, but stay untill thou seest me in:

To give the signe I purpose to begin.

Heer let him either taste a Flute or whistle, at the sound wher-

of: Victoria comes to the windowe, and throwes out a letter,

which

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

which Fedele taketh vp, and readeſ it at the lamp which bur-
neth in the Temple.

What meaneth this? a letter: woe is mee,
Where ſhall I read it? light within the Temple I do ſee.

¶ This greeting me thinkes is none of the best:
I ſee by his countenaunce he likes not the reſt.

¶ Ah cruell Dame that can diſſemblē ſo,
Dye poore Fedele, life thou muſt forgoe.

¶ What newes in your letter Sir, tell mee?
¶ Read it thy ſelfe and ſee.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Pedante.
Fedele.

Pedante readeth the Letter

La mia mala fortuna m'ha fatto d'auenire coſa che meglio fa-
rebbe ch'io non fuſſi nata, m'increſce non poter attenderui la
promessa, ma piú mi duole, che mi ſia tolta la commodita del
vederui, però ſe m'amate, non paſſate mai piú di qua, perche
ſarete cauſa della mia rouina.

This is ſtrange vpon ſtrange, your dayes are out wozne,
,, My fortune is ſuch, that it had been better for mee
I had neuer been bozne.

,, I am ſory that I can not ſtand to my word:

,, And more ſory that fortune to mee will not your preſence afford.

,, With I am rob'd of your company whome moſte I deſire:

,, If you loue mee come no more this way,
for bræding my trouble, and kindling of fier.

Her is a ſleueles aunſwer with all my hart,

You haue your errand Sir, now when you wil you may departe.

¶ It cannot bee, but that Victoria hath an other loue:

Therefore I purpose preſently, her priuie sleights to proue.

¶ You are the fearfulleſt gentleman that euer I knewe:
It is i[m]poſſible that ſhould be true.

Your owne doubtfulnes tangles you ſtill in the briers,
Did I neuer teach you: That a woman denies that in ſhowe,
which in deed ſhee desires.

Are all those horriblē othes which ſo oft ſhee hath ſworne,
Any likelihode that ſhee would leaue you forlozne?

Remember her teares and her pitifull looks:

If ſhee loue you not ſtill, I dare burne my bookeſ.

¶ No, her othes and teares, and looks, and all thou canſt repeat Fedelo,

Cij. were

Pedante in
terpreſt the
Letter.

Fedele.

Pedante.

A Pleasant Comedie

Were but as shadowes finely cast, to couer her deceit.
But sith I finde her as shē is, I will revenge the wrong:
Or dye the death in this attempt, because I live too long.

Pedante.

¶ You are to hasty a Soldier, to the battaile to goe,
If you will be revenged ere your enemy you knowe.

Fedele.

¶ Mine enemies I purpose straight to try,
Hide thee within some priuie corner haer:
Be diligent to mark who passeth by,
And if that any other man appere
Either to enter, or to issue out,
Mark what he is, and put mee out of donbt.

Pedante.

¶ Farwell Sir, commit the care to my hande,
As close as I can, in this place I wil stand.
Unseen vnto any, yet bewing of all:
A pretty scōwte set to take a knaue in a pit-fall.
Yonder come some, whatsoeuer they bee,
Stand close Pedante, that no body see,

Exit.

Actus secunda.

Scena secunda.

Enter Medusa, Victoria, and Attilia, disguised like Nunnes,
with lighted Tapers in their handes.

Crack-stone liftes vp his head out of the Tombe, and duckes
downe againe, speaking this as followeth.

Crack-st.

¶ A rope on these passengers, I am in a miserable plignt,
I think I shall not get out of this place this night.

Medusa.

¶ Tis almoste one a clock, the fittest houre to binde the Sprites:
And compas every thing, that best may further your delights.

Victoria.

¶ Then let vs goe.

Pedante.

¶ O che cricca di vacche: what cattell haue we heare?
Be they women, or devils in the likenes of women that appeare?

Attilia.

¶ Mistres take heed we be not spide, for that may b̄ed vs harme:

Victoria.

¶ No, no, but like a sorte of Nunnes vnto the Church we swarne.

Medusa.

¶ Enter the Chappell, we will make as though we ment to pray:

Victoria.

¶ Read god Medusa.

Pedante.

¶ Ah miserable Pedante, would I were away,

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

I quiver so fast, that I feele no ground:
Tis a company of witches I hould forty pound.

Victoria,
Attilia.

¶ When begin you sweet hart?

¶ Make haste you had need,

The day will approche, and the night gon with sped,

¶ A rope on them all, they goe a catter-walling I traw,
Whome they meane to torment I would gladly knowe.

Pedante.

¶ This water and this oyle I haue, is coniured as you see,
In the name of those Sprites that written on this Image bee.

Medusa.

Now must I write the name of him whom you so much do loue:
Then binde these sprites, him to the like affection so to moue.

I charge you as you meane to purchase fauour in his sight:
And by the vertue of mine art, tell me his name aright.

¶ Fortunio.

¶ Thats he that dooth my maister Fedele disgrace,
And this is Victoria disguised in place.

Victoria.
Pedante.

¶ Your name vpon the brest, his on the forehead must I write,
Then coniure, now it is the stillest time of all the night.

Medusa

¶ Doe so.

¶ I coniure thee thou waren Image here,
By Venus fruitfull wombe that Cupid bare:
That in Fortunios name thy force appeare,
To comfort sayre Victoria ful of care.

Victoria.
Medusa.

That by the vertue of mine Art thou be:

In this her græf a present remedy:

I coniure thee Fortunio at the length,

By head, eyes, eares, thy liuer and thy hart:

Thy Guttes, thy vaines, flesh, blood, bones, sinewes, strength,
Thy lights, thy lungs, feet, hands, and every parte.

That presently thy brest be set on fier:

And all thy bowels boyle with hot desire.

Look that by night thou take no quiet rest,

By day thou lothe thy comfortable food:

Let every ioy be daggers to thy brest,

See, heare, and touch naught that may do thee god.

Til fancy make thee for a louner meet,

And throw thee down before Victoriaes feet.

Look that she never passe out of thy minde,

But

A Pleasant Comoedie

But paint her heavenly face in every thought:
Loue her aboue all Creatures of her kinde,
Prosper not, till by thee her ioyes be wrought.

But waste as this melts at the candles flame:
Amen, fiat, fiat, in Cupidoes name.

Victoria. ¶ What haue you done and is the spirit come vp that you do call?

Pedante. ¶ The greatest Fiend of hell come and take you all.

Medusa. ¶ With oyle of Virgin ware I thee annointe,
And signe, and marke thee with the holy Crosse:
In Venus name, I water every ioynt.
That loue by thee may neuer suffer losse.

Victoria. ¶ Now haue you done?

Medusa. ¶ It must be prickt, and set in greater heat:
Then the Spirits bound, before it do the seat.

Attilia. ¶ Make hastē.

Medusa. ¶ I Coniure you yee Sp̄rites, whose names are on this Image
And now rehearse you one by one, in order as you sit.
Nettabor, Temaptor, Vigilator, Somniator, Astarot, Berliche,
Buffon, Amachon, Suchon, Sustani, Asmodeus.

Pedante. ¶ Ottomanus, Sophye, Turke, and the great Cham :
Robin godfellowe, Hobgoblin, the deuill and his dam.
O vi possuno portar in precipitio.

Medusa. ¶ I coniure you, you foule infernall knot of baser Sp̄rites,
By the moste Mighty power and force of that great God of loue:
Bothe by the Bowe and dreadfull dint of all his feathered Flights,
And by his wingges, and by the smoake of louers scalding sighes.
And by the smart and sorowe, that this troubled dame doth proue:
By all the Planets that our hartes, to hate or liking moue.

By the desires of her that hath Victoria vnto name:

By Venus Fillet, and the goulden pleasures of her game.

Breake loose I say, and trudge with hasty foot out of your deme,
Hunt and pursue, besturre your selues to seek Fortunio out:
Forsake with speed the stinking fogge of that your vgly femme,
Possesse, and chace him, see that you returne no more again,
Till you haue brought him down and humbled him, if he be stout,
Drie him with your tormenting gnawē, the Citie round about.

Goe make his bed of Thistles, and his seat of pricking thorne:
Untill you bring him hether vnto her that is forlorne.

Hauie

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ Haue you don Medusa?

Victoria
Medusa.

¶ Now must I stick a needle in his hart,
And prick him with the point, before we parte.

¶ I pray you prick him well.

Attilia.

¶ If that I strike the needle through, the gentleman will dye:

Medusa.

¶ Then spare him god Medusa, touch him tenderly.

Victoria.

Heer they throw their candles into the Tombe where Crack-
stone lyeth.

¶ Now haue I don, follow and throw your Tapers out of hand, Medusa.
Into this Tombe that as you see, hard by vs her dooth stand:
Set fier ynto their feet, and toast the corses of the dead,
That long haue slept within this place since they were buried.

¶ But will this make him come, and then submit him selfe to mee? Victoria.
¶ Mistres it wil, and you sh'event therof shall shortly see: Medusa.

Crack-stone riseth out of the Tombe with one candel in his
mouth, and in eche hand one. The women and Pedante fly,
crying the deuil the deuil. The women let fall the Image, and

Crack-stone taketh it vp.

¶ All is mine, ho, ho. ho. All is mine,
Diuils were smocks, in this latter time.

(seen: Crack-
stone.)

Such sights, as among the bones of the dead in this Tombe I haue
Would haue made any man but my selfe,

out of his wittes to haue been.

God Lord: once me thought I saw my Grandam trot round about
me in her gray petticoate and her red cap,

Never since I was borne, was I taken in such a trap.

Another time me thought I saw the soules,
of all them that died for loue,

Cry out vpon Lady Vengeance, one that was such a fair
woman as nothing could moue.

Little Cuprit him selfe in the bottome of hell:

Curst fayer Lady Pilcher, for burning his skin with a Lampzell.

This coniugation put me in a terrible feare,

If it had continued longer, Termagant, Rawhead, Roste-meat, and
Eatbread, and all the armies of Deuils had been her.

What's this? somwhat I perceave they haue let fall for hastie,

D.J..

An.

A Pleasant Comedie

An Image in ware very pretely caste,
Fortunio is written in the forehead of the same,
And iumpe vpon his belly Victoriaes name.
This falleth out very well for me,
I'le lende this to Fedele that he and Fortunio the same may se.
This will make them to hate her wonderfully,
Then shall I haue her in spight of the pye.
What haue we here: a needle in his heart,
And names of Augrem writte round about it with Margaris arte.
Nettabor, Temptator, Vigilator, and Buffon.
They come, they come, they come, tis time to be gone. Run away.

Actus secunda.

Sena tertia.

Enter victoria and Attilia.

- Victoria. ¶ In such a feare at rising of the sprites wee all were cast,
That being scarde, we lost our way and Image too at last.
I maruell where Medusa is?
Attilia. ¶ Shee tooke her to her heeles,
And time I trowe, for all þ world me thought did rüne on whæles.
Victoria. ¶ With this enchanting takes no place, go sækे Fortunio streighe,
And tell him that to speake with him his pleasure I do wayte.
A woorde or two will serue my turne, goe sækë him out of hand,
Attilia. ¶ Where shall I sækë him? for I knowe not where his house doth
Victoria. ¶ By þ Piazza, there I am sure þ thou shalt sækë him walke, (stand.
Spending the time with one or other of his friends in talke.
Attilia. ¶ I goe.

Exit.

Actus secunda.

Sena quarta.

Enter Fedele whispering with Pedante.

- Victoria. ¶ I was so troubled in my minde, with fright of sudden feare,
That yet I feele my sinewes shake, and tremble euery where.
Alas looke where Fedele comes, I cannot scape vnseene,
He is importunate, I knowe not how to ridde me of him cleene.
Fedele. ¶ Ah cursed dames, their loue is like a flame,
Quivering in th'Ayre betweene two blastes of wynde,
Borne here and there, by either of the same.

Pet

of two Italian Gentlemen.

Pet properly to none of both enclinde.

Hate and disdaine is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and treason in their bosome lies.

Their promises are made of brittle glasse,
Grounde with a fillop to the finest dale,
Their thoughtes as streaming riuers swifly passe.
Their wordes are oyle, and yet they gather rust.

Their vertues mount like billowes to the skyes,
And vanish straight out of the gazers eyes.

True are they never founde but in vnueth,
Constant in naught, but in inconstancie,
The common soes of weale, and fuddes of raueth.
Deuouring cankers of mans libertie.

Here doth the staine of modestie abide:

And shrowdingly desires her selfe to hide.

But get thee streight to Sir Fortunio.
Will him to come and speake a word with me,
Haste and poste haste with spedee see that thou goe,
That he this treacherie may quickly see.

Meane while on her whole face beginnes to glow:
The burden of my brest I meane to throw.

¶ Then take you this Image of ware that you see,
Crackstone the Captaine deliuered it to mee.
Being his turne as he said for to watch this night,
And breaking vp sentinel when it began to be light.
This Image he tould me in the streete he founde,
Lying harde by the chappell vpon the grounde.

This is the same that was made to inchante Fortunio,
Beholde it and see whether I say trueth or no.

¶ He plowghes the seas, and fishes in the lande,
And loseth all the labour of them both,
He fondly reares his fortresse on the lande.
That buildes his trust vpon a womans troth.

But get thee hence about thy busynesse,
That I may talke with this my god mistresse.

¶ A Dio.

¶ Well met good Sir Fedele, whats the cause
Of these your troubled lookes that I beholde,

D.it.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Exit. Pedante.
Victoria.

What

A Pleasant Comedie

What rain is threatned by these stormy flaves:
Which by your gate, and gesture you vsfolde?
Is loue the spark that kindels all this fier?

Do you lack the fruit of your desire?

The cause that sets my gestures out of frame,
Is in your selfe if you do search the same.

And why god Sir?

What make you heer so early in the street?

My longing thoughts did prophesse, that heer I shold you met.

Not me but Sir Fortunio: you know this I am suer: Shew her
And what by magick you haue don, his fauour to procure. the Ima
I never thought so sayze a dame, had been so soule within, ge.
But sith continued seruice, had no force thy grace to win:
We suer vntankful wretch, perjur'd and moske disloyall dame:
I will not rest, before I bee reuenged of the same.

This to Fortunio presently I purpose shall be shown:

And open brute of thy reproche, throughout the Citie blown.

All that in Naples dwel this day, shall wunder at this deed,

And every wounding tung shall make thine honor now to bleed.

My selfe will help to teare the hart, out of thy body quick,

And give thy crimson coulered blood, unto the dogs to lick.

So lively wil I blaze thee out, to euery gazers eye:

That though thy carcas rot and wast, thy shame shall never dye.

As busy will I bee to plague thee more then is exprest:

As thou wast cunning to deceiu the man that lou'd thee best.

I think you are disposed to iest, and make some triall heere,

How trimly you can tread aloft to thunder in mine eare.

For when I slide into my selfe, and there examine well,

What I haue don, I finde I neuer from Fedele fell.

And yet I see your hart still workes, by which I do suspect,

Some Sicophants would make you, your Victoria to reject.

But pacience is a vertue, as the woorthiest wits do say,

My loue to you, deserues not that you vtred heer this day.

Yes that, and more, in thes no trueth, loue, faith, nor loyaltye,

But lies, dessembling, falshood, hate, sin, shame, and sorcerye.

Bestur thy selfe, enchaunt, and coniure now and do thy woorst,

The day thow knewest vs both, shall shortly be by thes accurst.

I am not priuy vnto this, nor know Fortunio.

of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ Ah poore Victoria thou art caught, alas what shall I do?
Nowcounsaile me Attilia, Attilia, is not heer:
Where be my gallants now, will not Crack-stone appeare?
Now is the time for thee Crack-stone my hart to gaine,
Oh saue my life, and him dispatch that dooth mine honor stain.
Do this and then I will be thine, and listen to thy suite,
But til that I may speak with him, tis best that I be mute.
Farwell Sir, be not rash, but Judge, I cannot answere much:
More you shall knoow when time hath tried,
my truth by perfect tuch. A Dio.

Exit.

Fedele.

¶ A diauolo.

As I haue knowne theē, so shall Sir Fortunio knoow theē straight,
For whome I sent, and heer he comes, whose comming I doo wait.

Actus secunda.

Scena quinta.

Enter Fortunio with Pedante.

¶ Est mora damnoſa, pray let vs away,
For yonder my Maſter your comming dooth stay.

Pedante.

¶ Sir Fedele God ſaue you.

Fortunio.
Fedele.

¶ And you Sir Fortunio,
I was ſo bolde to charge my man, vnto your houſe to goe.
Matters of waight I haue to you, of frēndſhip to imparte:

Fortunio.
Fedele.

¶ My leaſure ſerues, and I will ſtand, to heer withall my hart.

¶ Not ſo, but ſith it asketh time, if you will take the pain,
To walke with mee vnto my houſe, there wil I tell you plain.

Both what I ſaw and heard of late, which toucheth you ſo neare:

That you will giue mee thanks I know, when you the matter heer

¶ Goe when you please I'le beare you company,

Exeunt Fedele, Fortunio,
le & Fortunio Fedele,
arme in arme.

¶ Pedante you may walke abroad,
till Dinner draweth my.

¶ With a god wil Sir, that's the thing I deſire,
But if I meet not Attillia, the fat is in the fler.

Pedante.

For my Maſters ſake, I began to loue her in iest,
And may chaunce to ſwallow a Gudgion in earnest.

For loue is a For, he beginneth at firſt by dalliance and play:

Then encreaseth his gettings euery day.

Enter Attilia.

Oh deus adiunxit nostris ſua numina votis.

Beholde I beseech you my delicate Miftris.

D. ij.

Home.

A Pleasant Comedie

Somewhat hanges in the winde, that makes her to lowe,
What ayle you swete hearte why loke you so lowe?

Pedante. ¶ My mistresse inepes.

Pedante. ¶ Heighe ho, what's the cause?

Pedante. ¶ She bade me seeke a friend of hers, with whom I can not meete,

Pedante. ¶ Apply warme clothes to her stomacke, and looke that she take no

Pedante. ¶ Are you a phisition? (colde of her fete;

Pedante. ¶ I forsooth for a woman.

Pedante. ¶ So me thought by the talke, that before you did moue,

Pedante. ¶ I pray Sir, what was it you sayde of loue.

Pedante. ¶ Est Deus in nobis agitante calescimus illo.

Pedante. ¶ I dare not tell you the meaning, lest I make your cheeke's gloe.

Pedante. ¶ But if it be true that the Poet doeth sing,

Pedante. ¶ He is not a man that sooles not loue's sting.

Pedante. ¶ I will be in loue as sone as I can,

Pedante. ¶ Because I would haue every body count me a man.

Attilia. ¶ I heard a tale of Florio, not scarce thre or fourre dayes passe,
And Biancofiore whose swete loue was hony to my taste.

Pedante. ¶ Is loue so delitious,

Pedante. ¶ It is, I assure ye,

Pedante. ¶ Then I am in loue,

Pedante. ¶ With whome I pray thee.

Pedante. ¶ With thee my delight,

Attilia. ¶ I am sorie, you take not your marke aright.

Pedante. ¶ Stande backe Pedance thou presumste, I am not as you deeme,
So quickly wonne, my name and honour lightly to eschieme.

Pedante. ¶ Discourtesic killis me, Proffer to embrace her,

Pedante. ¶ Away when I bid ye.

Pedante. ¶ Ah, Here let him counterfaite the passion of loue by
lookes and iesture.

Attilia. ¶ She we all the passions that you can, yet will not I be wonne,

To serue you as a friend of mine to one of late hath done.

For louing one, as might be you, order to him she gaue,

In beggers wæde to come to the doore, an almes of her to crane.

And so he did, she let him in, but what was his rewarde,

I cannot tell, hearing the tale I did not it regarde.

I gesse they drunke a posset when her mistresse was a sleepe,

Come not you so to me, our doores I purpose fast to keepe.

Damus

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ Datus sum non Aedipus, in parables now she begins to flow,

Pedante.

I may chance to trye whether I shalbe welcome or no.

Farewell mistresse Attilia, I am to prouide my selfe unto begging to

¶ So continue leste at laste you repent the same. (frame, Exit. Attilia.

Now he is gone, Crackstone the captaine I must finde,

And to bring him to my mistresse straight to vnderstād her minde.

Long hath he sired to be her slauē, now must he shew the same,

Enter
Crack-st

And set himselfe against Fedele to remoue her shame.

God lucke, he comes.

Crack-st.

¶ Nay looke for no more Lattin now my golwe is gone,

My learning with my reparrell goes off and on.

I would I could meete with master Pedayntrye,

To knowe what his maister saith to the chauntrye.

I belēue it is as heauy as lead to reiesse,

And therfore while time serues me to take the same I were well.

Nowe will I to winne mistresse Victoria take some payne,

While she is quite out of fauour with them twayne.

Vonders her maybe, I' le salute her by and bye,

Mistresse alice title fatle, well met of mine honestie.

Now doeth your mistresse.

Attilia.

¶ As well as she may,

And very desirous to speake with you to day.

Crack-st.

¶ What would she?

Attilia.

¶ I knowe not.

Crack-st.

¶ Doe you speake as you thinke?

Attilia.

¶ I haue no cause Sir from the trueth to shrinke.

Crack-st.

¶ I knowe not what I should say, for she doeth me iniurie,

Attilia.

That regardeth no more my seruice and brauerie.

Crack-st.

¶ Oh say not so Sir:

Attilia.

¶ Why am I not brane?

Crack-

¶ Yes indeed, and a propperer man she can never haue.

Attilia.

¶ I will not sticke for her sake to pull Juniper and all the gods fro

Crack-st.

If I may see that my portrance doth please her eye. (the skye,

Every woman that on earth at this day doth live,

Is more beholding to me, then to her parents that life unto her bid

¶ Why Sir:

(gine. Attilia.

They gaue them life that passeth away,

Crack-st.

And I gine them joyes that never decay.

Now

A Pleasant Comedie

- Attilia. ¶ How prone you that?
Crack-st. ¶ I am so terribinthinall and play such reakes
when I come to the field:
Attilia. ¶ That mine enemies chose rather to murder them
selues then to yeld.
¶ Wherby their Damned soules haue so pesterred all hell:
¶ That ther's no roome left for women to dwell.
¶ Thus being thrust out of the place that is ther's by right:
They are constraind into heauen to take their flight.
Attilia. ¶ I confes that this benefit is so great,
That my tung is not able your praise to repeat.
Crack-st. ¶ Besides that, I haue as god luck as any man of my use,
To finde sauout and frindship in Gentlewomens eyes.
I thank them they flout me to my face, when no other they mock,
This was my fathers craft, for he ever made my Mother
to wrap mee in her smocke.
Give me god luck and throw mee into the Seas,
Wherewomen take a pitch, it is easy to please.
Attilia. ¶ Truth Sir, but will you goe to my Mistres with mee,
Crack-st. ¶ With an almond hart my girle I wil follow thee. Exeunt.
The second Act beeing ended, the Consorte
soundeth again.

Actus tertia,

Scena prima.

Enter Mistres Virginia, with Pamphila her maid.

- Pamphila. **M**istresse I may, and will once more goe
seek him if you please:
Although I feare his answere wil returne you little easse.
What though he lou'd you first? you see his sute
fallas to the ground,
And by this small pursuite, thinkes you are as god lost as found.
He stopeth to Victoriaes lare, but she hath cast him of,
He bowes, and crepes to her, she turnes his labour to a scoufe.
Virginia. ¶ How ranist thou tell?
Pamphila. ¶ Even yesterday I heard it of her maid:
Virginia. ¶ If it bee so, then is hee twisly plagued from aboue,
And feeleth that hell of minde, which all forsake Ghostes do proue

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Pet can I not beleue it Pamphila before I see,
And gather by his answere, that he hath forsaken me.
Therefore goe seeke him out againe.

Mistresse it shall not neede,
Loe where he walkes as sad as though his heart within did blinde.

Steppe to him straigthe.

Master Fedele, if you knew as well
To loue : and her that loues you, to releue,
As you are skilfull in deceite to dwell.
And to torment whome you shoule never greue.

Happie were she that beares you in her breste,
Happie were you of such a pearle posseste.

What meaneth this?

Talke with my mistresse Sir, and you shall knowe,

Then to thy mistresse Pamphila, I goe.

Mistresse Virginia, what's the cause I pray,
That you did sende of late to seeke me out?

If you haue any thing to me to say,
Speake, that I may resolute you of the doubt.

Fedele, now beholde thy craultie,
Her voyce is stopt, and doth for sorowe die.

I neuer thought Fedele to haue founde,
Your shewe of faith in promises forgot:
Your lyking dead, and buried in the grounde,
My selfe cast off as though you knew me not.

To loue in ieste and turne it to a scorne,
Is not the nature of a Gentle borne.

Mistresse, I loue you as I did before,
As dearely as the dearest friend you haue,
Or as a brother, would you any more?
Commande of me what curtesie may craue.

If Fancies lurking poysone remoue,
And be not shipt in Seas of raging lone.
Whose great companions are discorde and wrath,
Flattery, Deceit, Treason and Crueltie:
Heuinesse of minde, greef, pemurie, and scathe:
Unrest, suspicion, feare, and Jelousie,

Consuming hunger, and an endlesse thirste,
A iuing death, life dying with the firsle.

Ent. Fedele. Pamphil

Virginia
Pamphil

Fedele.
Pamphil
Fedele.

Pamphil

Virginia.

Fedele.

E.j.

J. Ah

A Pleasant Comedie

Virginia.

¶ Ah Pamphila, I finde thy wordes are true,
The more in liking I did thinke him bound:
The looser he, and hunteth after newe,
His talke was nothing but an empty sound.

Those vertues nowe, I see he doth despise:
That once did painte my picture in his eyes.

If Justice Wallace stande aboue the skyes,
And angrie gods doe looke into our life:
Some plague no doubt, for him they will devise,
And scourge him with some storne of bitter strife.

Although he vaunt of conquest here a while,
Tis not praise worthy a woman to beguile.

Come Pamphila I le learne to set him light,
That so dissembles with a double tongue,
Helpe to conueighe me streight out of his sight,
Whose wand'ring choyse hath done me double wrong.

Farewell Sir, as we met, we meane to parte.

Pamphila. ¶ This greeting answeres vnto his desert. Exeunt Verg. & Pam.
Fedele. ¶ So quickly gone: farewell, all women for Victoriaes sake,
And on them all for her, reuenge I meane to take.
Busie they are with pen to write our vices in our face,
But negligent to knowe the blemish of their owne disgrace.
Gestures and looks in readinesse, at their command they haue,
Mirth, sorowe, feare, hope, and what other passion you can craue.
Hence riseth euery cloude in loue, this breedeth all the strife,
Snares to our fete, devouring cankers, these are vnto life.

Actus tertia.

Scena secunda.

Enter Pedante with the robe on his arme.

Pedante. ¶ Ridetur chorda qui semper aberrat eadem.
I cannot abide Sir, to harpe still vpon one string,
It is too Cuckolike they say, one song continually to sing.
It were good for you to learne quickly in what cleefe you
Should take your part,
And be speedely reuenged on her that strikes such a dagger
to your heart.
¶ Oh they are full of deceit, cogging, flattery, foisting,
twitche-twattle, and I know not what,

This

of two Italian Gentlemen.

This Genus demonstratiuam, is such a bottomlesse sea,
you will never haue done if you enter into that.

The dispraise of women is so great, that without doubt,
All the tongnes in the world are not able to set it out.

It is one of my precepts, to be short and sharpe in word and blee,
When they anger you, bid the devill take them all, and make no

¶ Waste thou so neare Pedante?

(more adoe. Fedele.

¶ I heard you well ynough.

Pedante.

I thinke I must bring you to Copia rerū againe for chāga of stiffe,
Leauie these exclamations, and crying out vpon women now,

If you looke well to your selfe, the faulte is in you.

You would needes loue, though in your last lecture among your
sententiaz, similitudines and dicendi flores.

I made you write this in your paper bakte, Littore quot conchæ,
tot sunt in amore dolores.

¶ Thou didst in dede Pedante, and I haue not it forgot,

Fedele.

¶ Now you finde it by profe, I beleue you will not.

Pedante.

But let this matter passe, and tell me Sir, how with Fortunio you

Did you touch him so neare that his heart did bleede? (spāde,

¶ Oh no, for in Victoria he hath such confidence,

Fedele.

That he excuseth her, and now mistrusteth my pretence.

¶ What remedy then?

pedante.

¶ I knowe not, for he saith, except that I can plainly proue,

Fedele,

That other men besides him selfe Victoria doeth loue.

He was, and is, and will be hers, so long as he doth liue,

¶ Accidit in puncto, quod non contingit in anno, very good cousell for pedante.

Doe you see this braue robe?

(this I can giue.

¶ I doe, very well,

Fedele.

¶ But why I haue brought it, you cannot tell,

pedante.

¶ No trusf me.

(Victoriaes mayde. Fedele.

¶ Did not I tel you that for your sake I begā to curry fauour with pedante.

¶ In dede Pedante, I remember such a thing you saide.

Fedele.

¶ She tooke order this very day with mee,

Put on the pedante.

That disguised on this maner, as by and by you shall see. Robe.

Euen thus Sir beholde, I shold come this night,

Disguised that no man might know me by sight.

And begge an almes at the dore, she would let me in straighte,

And make me a posset for my labour, that so well can waight.

A Pleasant Comedie

We shall be as merry as cup and can, when I am once there,

¶ What's this to me?

¶ Lush take you no care:

Look that some pretty corner, by you may be espied,

Where you and Fortunio your selves may hide.

We both of you heer about the mid' st of the night,

That when I come out, both of you of me may haue a sight.

I at departure wil bid Victoria farewell,

Commend my entertainment, and say it doth excell.

This will make him to think as soon as I am gone,

That Victoria loueth not him alone.

¶ Excellent.

¶ See what an olde For these rotten raggs shrowds,

I can play the knave and conuay it in the cloiodes.

But heare you Sir?

¶ What saist thou?

¶ WOULD fast Master Fortunio, til I be out of his reach,

Least he cut me in pieces when he heares me preach.

¶ Fear not, be suer he shall not stirre before I see thee gon,
Farwel, and thankes to finish this, I wil to him anon.

Exit.

¶ Adiew Sir, If Appollo the very brother of Diana and Jupiters
For the loue of a Lady that was hard to be wun. (sonne,

Thought it no shame in a Shepheards weed,

Him selfe to debase, the sooner to sped.

Should I that am not worthy to beare out Apollos
chamberpot, think any scorne,

That these rascally ragges by me should be worne.

So long as I do it my sute for to moue:

And further my Master with my slauering loue.

Quod exemplo fit, iure fieri putant, Tully dooth say,

Whose authoritie is a priuiledge to follow this way.

Therefore god Appollo whose example I take,

Woulchsafe to stay the course of thy Charriot a while for my sake.

Suffer not thy horses to hasten the day,

But prolong h night, as when Jupiter thy father with Alcmena lay,

Peraduenture I may get a young Hercules as wel as he,

But for very sinne and shame too, so it should be.

If I sped wel this day, I will shut vp my schoole dor every yeer,

It

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

It shall be festinall to my Schollers, to make god cheere.

They shall play if they will, from morning to night,
Daring that time, they shall not be constrained to come in my sight.

This will be cake and pudding to them that are truantly,
And care not how little they take for their mony.

A begging Pedante, I a begging I goe, Beg at Virginiaes gate.

Tic, toc, fate vna limosina, a vn pouerino.

What holde begger haue we at the gate, Pamphila comes Pamphila.
Art thou not ashamed to goe a begging so late? to the doore,

No god mistresse, it is no shame at all, Pedante.
But the greatest honour that vnto a man may fall.

For an Almes is a gift, and a gifte is a token of reuerence I trow,
And reuerence is, when our superiours we know.

Thus I being presented of all men with almes as you see,
Reuerenced of all men of force I must bee.

For reasoning so deepeley, no Almes shall you haue, Pamphila.
Because I will not honour such a beggerly knaue. Exit.

Farewell and be hangde, there I was ouer-reacht with a crokete Pedante.
Witte bought at this rate is an excellent treasure. (measure,

Beginnings are harde, this prouerbe is olde,
Therefore at some other bodies doore I meane to be bolde.

Tic, toc, fate limosina : popoli mei benedetti, Beg at Victoriaes gate.
Che iddio v' aiuterá, nelle vostre tribulationi.

Tic, toc, chi la diua ouer la fara dire, Enter Crackstone out
Di buona morte non potrà morire. of Victoriaes house.

What sturdy knaue haue we heer in the stréete, Crack-st
To begge at this time of the night? Hirra tis not meete.

Packe hence Hirra I advise you, least I giue you a sowce,
Or take thee by the heeles and throw thee ouer the house.

God maister beate not the poore, when they make their mone, Pedante.
Tis not long since your courrage was as colde as a stoney.

What saucy knaue, me thinkes he doeth prate,
Doeſt thou know to whomē thou speakest, or at whose gate?

No god maister, be god to me, I beseeche you, for I haue done,
I were best to be quiet till he be gone.

There haue many god starfoppes made heer in the cittie,
For publishing these bargery knanes that goe vp and down idlely
See how he is scapte, and shrinketh aside,

A Pleasant Comedie

My looks are to bigge for him to abide.

It is a wonder to see how they crouch where soever I come,
If I stande they stoupe, if I speake they are dumbe.

Mistresse Victarrogantie hath sent for me,
Her Chaplen against Fedele to be.

If I kill him for her sake, and put him to shante,
She hath promisste me her loue, to rewarde the same.

¶ Oh, Traditora. (driven to lay out my heart in my hose,
How am I bound to Mars, when my stomach so swelles y I am
He lowes vp my gorget with the slaughter of my foes.

I'le goe put on my Horslitter, & the rest of mine Armoz straight,
And here about her house for him I will waight.

Every night she saith, he comes sneaking heer by,
But if he come now, I will handle him trimly.

Exit.

Pedante.
Crack-st.

¶ Goe goodman Goose, prouide you, & armie you as well as you can,
Lay about you, and play the proper man.

In tempore veni, I came hether in the nicke,
My master shall spedely heare of this tricke.

Pet will I goe foreward with my busynesse as I decreede,
And trye how well of my purpose I am like to spedde.

Tic toc, vna limosina al poueretto,
Date Signora per l'amour di Dio.

Attilia.
pedante.
Attilia.
pedante.

¶ Who is there?

¶ Your charitie god mistresse,

¶ Enter and take it,

¶ God rewardeth you god mistresse, I will not forsake it.

Exit.

The third Act being doone, the Consort sounds
a sollemne Dump.

Actus quarta.

Scena prima.

Enter Medusa and Pamphila:

¶ Happie is I trust that Doctors soule by whom I learntde,
This famous Arte, and easely by it my living earnde.
¶ That he knew how deere his life and learning was to me,
¶ y he could but for his death my grieve and sorrowe see.
pamphila. ¶ Medusa, if I did not feare my honour and my name,
Would stoune be lost hereby, and turne my credite into shame.
I would become thy Scholler, but I blush to speake of it,

† 30

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ No Pamphila, for such a mistresse thou art farre unfit.
What talkst thou of thy name, and honour likely to be lost,
By learning of myne Arte: which shold be honord of the moſte.
And more esteemde then Phisike.

Medusa.

¶ Why?

Pamphila
Medusa.

¶ That's easy to be proued,
For, as by Phisikes learned skill, diseases be remoued.
So by my cunning, euery smarte that doth afflit the minde,
I ſput to chace, for every griefe, a remedy I finde.
¶ And haue you any ſalue for loue?

Pamphila
Medusa.
Pamphila.
Medusa.
Pamphila.

¶ I haue.

¶ Whereof is it made?

¶ Of diners things, ſimple, and mixte, according to my trade.
¶ Then if for loue, or mony, you will graunt me my requeſte,
Let me once by your cunning ſee, my miſtrefſe haue ſome reſte.

Medusa.
Pamphila.
Medusa.

¶ Whome ſerue you then?

¶ For ſowth, I ſerue miſtrefſe Virginia.

¶ Yet farther, let me craue your name.

¶ My name is pamphila.

¶ What's her diſease?

¶ Nothing but loue.

¶ How fareth ſhe with it?

¶ Sad, ſicke, and ſore, with ſorrow pinde, and diſpoſeſſe of wit.

¶ Whome loueth ſhe?

¶ Fedele.

¶ And how long hath ſhe bin ſo?

¶ I know not, yet I geſſe, that ſhe ſickned a yere agoe.

¶ What if I helpe her? tell me who ſhall please me for my paine?

¶ My ſelſe, because unknownen to her, I ſeke her health to gaine.

¶ A louing ſeruant, goe thy wayes and leauē it all to me.

But harke thee.

¶ What?

¶ Let me haue paſſage to her lodging frē.

That when ſhe little thinkes thereof, my Medcins I may make,
By vertue of the which, her wounded heart may comfort take.

The leſſe ſhe looks for remedy,

the moſe is her delight, when t'is obtaynde.

¶ Then let's be gon.

Pamphila.

¶ Content,

A Pleasant Comedie

Medusa.

Content, for it is night.

And yonder comes Fedele with Fortunio hand in hande,
To shunne suspect, they shal not see vs talking here to stade. Exit.

Actus quarta.

Scena secunda.

Enter Fedele and Fortunio togither.

Fedele.

Come Sir Fortunio, now is the time to put you out of doubt,
Whether Victoria loue you, or your dealings doe but floute.
Here let vs shrowde our selues a while, that standing out of sight,
We may perceiue what louers haunt Victoriaes house by night.

Fortunio.

Agreede, this is the fittest time to passe the stræte,
And giue her musike at her windowe, for a gallant meete.

Fedele.

Whist, for her doore beginnes to creake,

Fortunio.

It doeth in dæde. Enter Pedante disguised, comming forth
of Victoriaes house.

Fedele.

I see.

Fortunio.

A man me thinkes, O let me goe.

Feciele.

Stay Sir, be ruled by me,

Pedante.

O delicate Victoria so long as I liue,
For this entertainement, great thankes will I giue.
The remembrance of the sweetenesse of this night so well past,
Will seede me with hony whylē my life doeth last. Exit.

Fortunio.

A villane, let me goe Fedele, let me goe I say:

I will reuenge this iniurie before he get away.

Fedele.

Not so, for raising of a tumult in the stræte so late,

Fortunio.

And troubling of the watche that stande armed at every gate.

Out strumpet, I will make thee now a mirror to this towne,
A pointing stocke to every one that passeth vp and downe.

Fedele.

How will you be reuenged?

Fortunio.

By sworde, and sheathe it in her breste,

Fedele.

We not too swift to serue her so, I thinke it were not beste.

Fortunio.

And why?

Fedele.

Because that if you kill her, then your selfe you doe defame,
Discredit her, and put her house, and kindred vnto shame.

Thus you shall euer walke in feare of those you never sawe,
Besides, her friendes will trippe at you, by danger of the lawe.

Fortunio.

How shall I be reuenged then?

Fedele.

Giue her a Fico out of hande,

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Who should I scape, but the revenge in little stene would staine.

Fortunio.

For she shoule die, and none shoule know the villainie she did,

But every tong ere long shall talke of that, that I haue spide.

Some other way I will devise,

I doe so, for I le be gone.

And I will see what this Victoria saith to me amon,

Who is there within? Knocke at her doore.

Exit. Fedele.

Fortunio.

Actus quarta.

Scena tercia.

Enter Victoria and Attilia to Fortunio.

Mistresse, beholde Fortunio.

Attilia.

I come to him, welcome god Sir.

Victoria,

Fortunio,

Out Hypocrite, no; no,

How do you like your other loue?

Victoria.

Fortunio.

I like of none, but you.

Tush, holde your peace, I had as lene you tolde me that it shoul.

Cuen nowe came one out of thy house, who bidding thee farewell,

Triumphed of thy courtesie, and said it did excell.

Come hither mayde, what haue you done? tell me,

Victoria.

why doe you weepe?

Attilia.

It is no matter mistresse, you thinke I let in my companions
when you are a sleepe.

But seeing you haue no better confidence in me,

Victoria.

Pay me my wages, I le be gone, your seruant no longer will I be.

Attilia.

Seeing you goe about, me so much to disgrace,

Victoria,

Fortunio.

Provide for your selfe, I can haue more wages in another place.

Peace peeuish sole, I thinke not so, yet let me aske I pray,

Because to slander me, you heare what Fortunio doeth say.

I force not what he saith, I know my conscience to be cleare,

Victoria.

And so is mine, although so stoutly he reproone me heer.

Attilia.

Victoria,

Fortunio.

Then had I neither listning eares to heare, nor eyes to see,

Sithe they faile not, I le credite them, and give no heede to theire.

But trust to it, and looke for it, thou shalt repent at last,

Victoria.

That ere thou bleard'st Fortunios sighte with such a iugling cast,

It bootech not to speake to him, he is in such a heate,

Attilia.

Fortunio.

But I durst lay my life Fedele wrought this feate.

It may be so.

Thy falshood and thy Sorcerie, at length I haue perceiude,

F.I.

But

A Pleasant Comedie

But by thy subtle traine, no longer will I be deceiu'de.
I say, it was Fedels deede, but Crack-stone is too slow,
To cut him off, before this rumors roote beginne to groow.
Mistresse, I'll leake Crack-stone, and hasten him to the deede,
Else I perceiue that very ill, your selfe is like to spedde.
Doe so, and till I see Fortunioes angry mood be past,
Tis best out of his presence to conueigh my selfe in hast.
Farewell Sir Fortunio, thinke as you finde me. Exeunt Victo.
I will, and will reuenge it as farre as you binde me. & Attilia.
Iye hartlesse wretche, slowthfull, and that that's more,
Yet unrevenged, why did I stay my hand?
Why did I not her faithlesse body gore?
Whiles in my power before me she did stand.
Why did I not so to fulfill my boewe:
Doe that, which none would couer nor allowe:
Her treason makes my raging thoughts to swell,
Beyonde the boundes of all humanitie,
Her fasshode drives the Furies out of hell.
To practise straunge and extreame crueltie.
Yet neither rancoures force, nor ougly flende,
Hath scourge ymough for such a double friende.
But yet before reuenge my partie take,
I'll offer service to Virginia.
Least every dame here after me forsake,
When it is knownen how I used Victoria.
God lucke, Medusa heir me thinkes I see,
A cunning broker, very fit for mee.

Actus quarta.

Scena quarta.

Enter Medusa, with a Pedlers Basket vnder her arme,
to Fortunio.

Medusa. Whytoyle so great, rewarde so small,
that every man doth give,
Hath made me weary of my trade, uncertainte how to live.
Well met Medusa, whether goest thou with thy Packe so late?
Medusa. I was abroade to sell my wares, at euery Ladies gate,
But being overtaken thus by night, I hie me home,

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Will Fortune send a better market, for the merchandise?

Fortunio.

What hast thou solde?

Medusa.

Nothing but wordes,

Fortunio.

What hast thou got?

Medusa.

Nothing but winde:

Fortunio.

That market thou mightst well haue kept,

Fortunio.

and yet haue left thy Packe behinde,

Medusa.

Not so, for by the carriage that within my

prettie Packe I haue,

I enter in those Ladies chambers,

that I finde both fine and braue.

And vnder colour of the trifles I haue about to sell,

Fortunio.

I pleade for such as you god Syr,

Medusa.

that feele by loue the force of hell.

What hast thou there?

Fortunio.

Calles Gorgets, Heares, Powders to make a Ball,

Medusa.

Vallentia Gloves, and Venice Rolles,

to rubbe the teeth withall.

Laces, Purses, Rings, Buskes, Mvers, and Glasses fine,

Bracelettes, Perfumes, Stilled waters, Sops in wine..

Pinnes, Bodkins, Staies, and other kinde of stiffe,

No more but tell me what you lacke,

and you shall haue ymough.

A thousand knackes I haue,

to vtter, which I must be slow,

Because they are so secret, as becomes not you to knowe.

Fortunio.

Neither am I importunate, to wryng it out of thee,

Yet must I craue thee now, to shewe thy selfe a friend to mee.

Wherin?

Medusa.

Euen in the loue that I to faire Virginia haue.

Fortunio.

I doubt it is too harde a taske, she loues Fedele so,

Medusa.

That she by no meanes can be wonne, Fedele to forgo.

Yet doe thy best, to moue my sute.

Fortunio.

The best I can I will,

Medusa.

And ransacke every corner of my wittes to shewe my skill.

Either it must be done by crafte, or Magicke, which you please,

Fortunio.

By Crafte, or Magicke, which you like,

so I may purchase ease.

F.ij.

Sir.

A Pleasant Comedie

Medusa. Sir, byt me I haue
Shistes doe saile, Enchaunted herbes shall put you out of doubt.
I will unto her lodging straight, and stay your comming there,
Within an houre or halfe, to followe, see you doe not feare.
I le tell her that I meane to bring Fedele to her bed,
When lightes are out, and sleepe is crept into her fathers head.
When you are in and halfe unbraile, a tumult will I make,
And call her father vp, you in her chamber there to take.
You know age will suspect the worst, and when he sees you so,
Will force you then to marrie her, whether shée will or no.
Besides, when that the brute heer of is blowen in every place,
Fedele and all other futers, will forsake the chace.
Loe, thus by subteltie you shall possesse the dame you cravde,
And yet by me when all is tolde, her honour shall be sau'de.
This is as well as can be wishte, depart I pray thée straight.
I goe, forget not you to come.

Exit.

Fortunio.
Medusa.

Actus quarta.

Scena quinta.

Enter Fedele with Pedante, and with them two
Watch-men with Billes.

Fortunio.

Upon thy will I waighe.
See where Fedele comes, because he shall not me suspete,
I will abyde the stréetes a while, that nothing me detecte. Exit.
And is it so Pedante?

Fedele.

It is as I tell ye.
Attilia tolde me, that her mistresse had made a request,
To Crack-stone, to sheathe his sworde in your brest. (tent,
Besides I goe as you knoве, disguised to the house for an other in-
I sawe him come thence, bragging what he would doe,
in the stréetes as he went.

Fedele.

Alas poore soule, I know he dare scarce looke a sye in the face,
But seest thou this? I will prouide my Captaine to disgrace.
Come on my friendes, goe you and set this net at the Lanes end,
For when he comes, my sworde vpon this Gallant will I bend.
And crye aloude arme, arme, as though our enemies had the wall,
He hearing this, will take his heeles and let his anger fall.
We will pursue him so, that we will drive him to the net,

When

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

When he is in, pull you the rodes, for that same purpose set.
And make him fast, then will we leade him hampred in the same,
With mirth and glē about the towne, to put him to the shame.
Goe set it vp.

We will.

Ah, Sirra, I perceine we shall goe a batfowling this night,
I would þ Captaine would come, that of this pretie sport I might
Whistre, not aworde, for he is at hande, (have a sight. Fedele.
Come let vs both privily in ambush stande.

Watchme
Pedante.

Actus quarta.

Enter Captaine Crack-stone, armed like a Champion.

Now shall my valerositie appeare vnto all,
How I can kill men, and serue a woman at her call.
My greateſt grieſe is, that in doing this feate,
I am ſure my honour will not be ſo greate.
As when I giue a charger to my foes in the open feldē,
Or put Citties into sackes, and make thouſandēs to yelde.
To bring Fedele to the Counter, is but to fight with a flie,
There is neither praise, pride, nor prouidence in the victorie.
Therefore take heede Crack-stone what you doe,
You hazarde your god name, your honour standes on tip toe.
To kill a Gentleman y neuer ought me malice, is more the cruelleſſe,
And to kill him for a woman, will bring me vterly to infancie.
Shall I kill him then? peraduenture yea: shall I let him go?
Peraduenture I may, peraduenture no.
Oh ſingle deuile, here is a braine I belæue,
Able to ſhoote birdboltes of inuentiōs, from my head into my ſleeue.
I will make a great noyſe before Victoriaes doore in the ſtrēte,
As though at this preſent with Fedele I did maete.
Then will I runne to her house amayne,
And make her belæue that Fedele is ſlayne.
Then before that ſhe heare any newes of his life,
Ile haue her to the þriell, and make her my wife.
Haue euē at it as well as I can, Fight with the Ayre.
Ah Villaines, thus many of you ſet vpon a naked man.
Drawe on my god fellowes and ſpare not, ſtrike home,
Ah cowardly Dallardes, ſo ſone be you gone!

Crack-st.

Scena ſexta.

F.ij.

T Arme,

A Pleasant Comedie

edete.
edante.
edete.
edante.
edete.
Crack-st.
'edante.

Arme, Arme, Arme.

Kill, kill, kill.

Dowone with Crack-stone.

Give me a Will. Heere Crack-stone runnes into the net, Fedele.

Followe, followe. after him, leauing Pedante on the stage.

Out alas where am I now?

Faste ynough by this time I trow.

Is this my lusty kill Cow, that will eate vp so many men at a bit,
And when he deales with a shadowe will not stand to it?

Enter Pedele and two or three other, leading Crack-stone
in the net, singing.

B E still my mates, that keepe the gates,
When euery watch is set:
Your lucke is naught, your freendes haue caught,
Your Captaine ia a net.

Heigh ho Crack-stone, heigh ho Crack-stone.

A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue,
Heigh hoe, Crack-stone, lustie and braue.

¶ Now souldiers all, forsake the wall,
Your foes haue got the towne,
Manhood is fled, God Mars is dead,
Your Captaine is a clowne.

Heigh ho Crack-stone, Heigh ho Crack-stone,
A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue,
Heigh ho Crack-stone, lusty and braue.

Victoria put at her windowe. Attilia, come hither streight, some sturre is in the streete,
Me thinkes I heare the noise of men, and trampling of their steete.

Fedele. Ah Sir, you meant to kill me you, to please Victoria,

But now I trust to make of thee a pore Crack-stone, if I may.

Crack-st. ¶ If that victorious Prince of battaile god Marche-beere, had not
I had made you every one into corners to crepe. (bene a sleepe,
It is the fortune of warre, lucke runnes not euer to one side,
Therefore I am content the prickatorie to abide.

I am not strong Sampier to breake out of your hands,
But oh y lorne little hogry Mouse, would gnaw a sunder my bāds.
I would giue you such a frezado, or cāuazado, take which you please
As shold be smal to your comfort, and little to your easle.

Pedante. ¶ Oh what this Captaine would do, if he were out of his skin,

Till

of two Italian Gentlemen.

Till his courage be cooler, I pray you holde him there.

Attilia.

Mistresse, I can not tell what is best to be saide,

Once more I perceiue you are betraide.

I see that Fedele and his friendes haue your Champion beset,
And now both to his shame and yours, he is caught in a net.

Art thou sure that it is so?

Victoria.

Attilia.

Hane an eye to the ende.

Now let vs shew him to Victoria, his dearest friend.

Here they Fedele.

Then let him be led through euery streeete in þ towne, bring him Pedante.

That every crackrope, may throw rotte eggs at þ clown. singing vn

Hoe, Victoria if þ be awake, rise & looke out I pray, to Victor. Fedele.

The hund is vp,

windowe. Crack-st.

And swoles be flegd before the perfect day.

Shrinke in & looke

Welhoralles?

out againe.

Victoria.

Fedele: Sie the Champion, whome you set to murder me,

Fedele.

This deed throughout the Cittie, shortly shall dishonour thee.

Out, I desse him.

Victoria.

What sayest thou Attilia?

Fedele.

He is a knaue, I denie him.

Attilia.

Thou art a Drabbe and a Queane, if my name be Crack-stone,

Crack-st

I was requested to this, both by thee and Victoria. (you say?)

By my mistresse and me god man Coward, doe you know what

Attilia.

Lake þ Sir, your face was not washte yester day. Emptie a chā-

A rope on all whores, will you drinke any Ale, ber pot on his

Crack-st

I thinke she crownde me with a potle of stale. head.

This drinke was ill bryued, and might haue bene sparde,

The very graincs of the Malte, stickes fast to my bearde.

You will tell me more anon, when every maide in this towne,

Pedante.

Yath emptied her almes bor on the top of your crowne. (me god,

Alas god maister Fedele, as you are a Gentleman, no farther let

Crack-st

I shall be chok'te with this dole, if you handle me so. (other me are,

Consider I am a man, subiect to þ same pressing-yron of þ minde þ

For the loue of a woman, ouerwhelmed with care.

I confess I am as you are, flesh & blood, and loued Victoria so well,

That I could haue bin content for her sake, to haue gone quicke to

Therefore forgiue me, and if I take not your part,

(hell.

and be reuenged upon her, before I doe rest,

Set the gun-shot of tyramie to the bulwarkes of my brest,

Cut

A Pleasant Comedie

Fedele.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Crack-st.

Pedante.

Arme, Arme, Arme.

Will, kill, kill.

Dowone with Crack-stone.

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Me thinkes I heare the noise of men, and trampling of their steefe.

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Therefore I am content the prickatorie to abide.

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But oh y lorne little hogry Mousie, would gnaw a sunder my bâds.
I would give you such a frezado, or cawazado, take which you please
As should be small to your comfort, and little to your easle.

¶ Oh what this Captaine would do, if he were out of his skin,

Pedante.

Will.

of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ Will his courage be cooler, I pray you holde him there.

Attilia.

¶ Mistresse, I can not tell what is best to be saide,

Once more I perceutie you are betraide.

I see that Fedele and his friendes haue your Champion beset,
And now both to his shame and yours, he is caught in a net.

¶ Art thou sure that it is so?

¶ Haue an eye to the ende.

¶ Now let vs shew him to Victoria, his dearest friend.

Here they Fedele.

¶ Then let him be led through euery straete in y towne,

bring him Pedante.

That every crackrope, may throw rottē eggs at y clown.

singing vn

¶ Hoe, Victoria if y be awake, rise & looke out I pray,

to Victor. Fedele.

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¶ Fedele: Sire the Champion, whome you set to murder me,

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Fedele.

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Attilia.

¶ Thou art a Drabbe and a Queane, if my name be Crack-stone,

Crack-st.

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¶ You will tell me more anon, when every maide in this towne,

Pedante.

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I confesse I am as you are, flesh & blodd, and loued Victoria so well,

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Therefore forgiue me, and if I take not your part,

(hell.

and be reuenged vpon her, before I doe reste,

Set the gun-shot of tyramie to the bulwarkes of my bresse,

Cut

A Pleasant Comedie

Cut off my Rammes hornes, and berake into the beltrie,
And blesse the cursed dayes of my virginitie.

Pedante. The rowles in his Retorike as an Ape in his tayle,
Wylnde and tide at commaundement, he flyes with full sayle.
Pedante. So that thou seeke all meanes thou canst, Victoria to deface,
And blaze her in eache company, and strike her in disgrace.

Pedante. I let thee goe.

Let him out of the net.

Crack-st. Wherode me I pray,

I am as wearie of my cariage as a Dogge of his day.

Pedante. Slackes the cordes there my masters, give him sea-rome in hast,
Close ayre is not hollome for Gallants to taste.

Crack-st. Now I beginne to feele my heart by little & little rise out of my
Pet the sente of this water, is still in my nose. (hose,

I thinke I am the perplexionablest man that lynes at this day,
For I would faine be revenged of Victoria, and I know not which

Pedante. Follow my counsell, and be ruled by mee, (way.

Crack-st. Then shalt thou see Captaine, what I le doe for thee.

I le teache thee a way, to crye quittance with her before it be long,
And make her recant her chatering at window with an other song.

Pedante. Gramercy Pediculus, thou art the comfortablest fellowe
that ever I did see,

Fedele. I thinkē thou wast borne vnder some merry Planet,
in the time of diversitie.

Pedante. Now sith Victoriaes name is like for euer to be lost,
Further reuenge I will not seeke, as I to her did bothe.

Fedele. Because that as my selfe vnjustly seru'd Virginia.

Pedante. So am I now iustly requited by Victoria.

Fedele. Therefore Pedante goe, and pardon of Virginia craue,
And tell her that I will be hers,

Pedante. That's it she would haue.

Fedele. But I beseech you Sir, tarry till the day be light,
I am loth to goe stumbling in the streetes this night,

Pedante. Then till the morning let it rest, but early see thou rise,
And doe my message in the mekest sort thou canst deuise.

Fedele. Meanewhyle wee'le home and take a sleepe, Exit with them that
for I am ouer-watcht. helde the net.

Pedante. Very well Sir, beare you the net after,

I haue some businesse with the Captaine to be dispatcht.

Now

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Now maister Captaine come with me,
for as soone as my maister to bed I haue brought,
You shall see what a thing for you I haue wrought.
And because you haue determined on Victoria to reuenge your
It must be done this night or never, time doe not prolong. (w^rdg,
As her flatterie this night bring did you in bandes,
So this night I shall deliuer her into your handes.

¶ Then let vs away and our selues prouide,
Thou knolwest the paruerbe, no body taries for the tide. Exeunt.

Crack-st.

The fourth Act being ended, the Consort soundeth
a pleasant Allemaigne.

Actus quinta. Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio alone.

I knowe Virginia loues Fedele best,
Medusa likewise may be sent to flowte:
My selfe her fauour never yet possest,
If none of these, yet all may make me doubte.
How seruice should with bright triumphing face,
Disperse the cloudes, that put my ioyes to chace.

Yet if Fedele be not lik'te alone,
Or if Medusa of true promise be:
Or faire Virginia will be mou'de by mone.
If not all these, yet one may pleasure me.

Therefore, to giue the watch word I'le beginne, Whistle.
God lucke, the doore opens, I'le enter in. Exit.

Enter Atilia.

Take heed Attilia, was not that Fortunio thou did'st see?
Tis now midnight, so late abroade i'th Streete what maketh he?
I see Pedante is not heer, I muse he meetes me not,
I little thought he could so soone his promise haue forgot.
If he be maister of his word, and loue me as his life,
The time is come to shewe the same, and take me for his wife.

Actus quinta. Scena secunda.

Enter Pedante and Crack-stone with the Beggers weed.

Come on Sir apace, what makes you so slacke?
Presently put me this robe on your backe.

G.j.

Now

Attilia.

A Pleasant Comedie

Now get you up along the strate, and be not astrayde,
There shall you meete Victoria, in the apparell of her mayde.
Thinking you thus disguised, to be Fortunio,
Very ready you shall finde her with you to go.
When you haue her, hold fast, for she will not resist,
Valoe her, wed her, bedde her, and vse her as you list.
Either now or never, your desire you shall hane, (you shal game.)

Crack-st. Or be revenged on the entertainment that out of her window to
The force of loue, how it is able for a neede,
To shrowde a braue minde in a base kinde of weede. (name,
Master Pediculus, or Pedantic, I am not very prospect in your
If this geare fall out, I shall be bound while I live,
to thanke you for the same.

Pedante. ¶ I would not be he that shold so couragious a Captaine,
and valiant Gentleman deceiue. (leane

Crack-st. ¶ Farewell little Pastry, Exit.

If I may meeet with Mistresse Victoria heer.
Thinking that Fortunio in this place, to her will appeare.
Either I will make her recant the former wordes that she spake,
When she desyred me, & denied that she wold me to kil Fedele for her.
Or I will backe beate her, & belly beate her too too pitifullly, (sake.
You know loue is a fire, and they say fire and water hath no mercy.
But first I will speake her faire, because to be plaine,
Commonly faire soles make wordes and perswasions to be faine.

Attilia. ¶ Alas how long in the strate shall I for my Pedante stay?
He promised to meeet me heer, and leale me quite away.
Some body in the strate I heare, I trust the same is hee,
And so I doe perswade me, by the beggers weede I see.

Crack-st. ¶ I lebelieve Pediculus agayne another day,
For yonder in Alice tittle tattles parrell the Mistresse dooth stay,
Or y I had some of Pediculus Schole-butter to make me a lip salue,
Or could but wet my tonge in his inkhorne,

for women will herken when we speake braue.

¶ thou that carriest a ball of wilde fire in thine eye,
to burne up my heart,

What shall I say more, to set out my smarte.

The time will not suffer to shew my prosperitie,

Therefore

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Therefore I committe you to the Gods for lacke of benitie.

Aetus quinta.

Scena tertia.

Enter Sbirri the Captaine of the watche, with some Soldiers, and
with him Mistresse Victoria.

¶ See how Pedante counterfeites Crack-stone in talkie,
Thereby we shall escape, and through the watch in safetie walke.

Attilia.

¶ Captaine Sbirri, this night my maide Attilia ran away,
Her I beseeche you, if she be not past the watch, to stay.

Victoria.

Some thing I doubt that she hath stolne, and carried to her mates,
Therefore I pray beset the streetes, and all the citie gates.

Sbirri,

Mistresse Victoria I will, but some bodie I see,

Victoria.

¶ Steppe to them bothe and take them streight,
for sure the same is shē.

Crack-st.

¶ Come mine owen Parragon,

I know thou hast tarried for me all this while,
Therefore follow me streight,

least the lickorish Souldiers mete vs, and me beguile.

Sbirri.

¶ Haste not to fast,

but stay I charge you in the Princes name,

Crack-st.

¶ God save the Princes grace,

and put his enemies to shame..

We are the Kings friendes,

I would you shold well knowe,

Therefore trouble vs no farther, but let vs goe.

The kings head is occupied with matters of great importunitie,

I know he is not conswapted,

at this time to speake with me.

We are peace-able people,

we haue no weapons heere,

We are neither drunke nor sober,

nor make any stære.

Get you to your places, keepe the watch as you shold,

And wee'lle to our lodging you may be bould.

Sbirri.

¶ Say Sir, we will know your name,

and eke the place where you haue beene,

G.i.s.

Whether

A Pleasant Comedie

Whether you goe, night-walkers heer are very seldom seene.
¶ Then I pray you, what make you abroade so late?
¶ Tis longing to your office to keepe the gate.
As for our names, I know of no such commencement you haue,
Why you shold be so pearchant the same to cravue.
¶ We haue bin forth at supper Sir, i'the towne with a god friend,
And now we are returning home, nigh at our yournies end.
¶ What Minion, are you there indeede?
¶ My Mistresse, out alas,
Beholde Pedante we are tane, how shall we doe to passe?
¶ I hold fourty pound I am knckled, I would Pediculus were heer,
I would meete with the scalde Squitterbe-boke for this geare.
¶ Is this your mayde?
¶ It is.
¶ Lay hold on her with spedde,
Let vs see what Wagabonde is hid within this weedde.
Crack-stone? Whome?
¶ And whome too then, did you never see man before?
I am not taken in deuowtrie, therefore wonder no more.
¶ A halter come to him, is it hee?
¶ Sorrie I am god Captaine, you in such a case to see.
Heer you are taken with this mayde, which is like to be tachte
Of felonie, and accessarie you with her are catchte.
¶ I steale nothing from women but their honestie:
Which is as good, as he that robbes the Printer of a Bible,
because he would studie Divinitie.

Actus quinta.

Scena quarta.

Enter Fortunio running halfe vnreadie, after him Ottauiano the father to mistresse Virginia, and Medusa with a spitte in her hande, and to them Fedele and Pedante, with weapons in their handes.

Ottau. ¶ Stoppe, stoppe.
Sbirri. ¶ What meaneth this? come bende your weapons at them all,
Whome shall we stoppe?
Fedele. and what's the cause that makes you thus to call?
¶ Pedante, take thy sworde, Fedele and Pedante speake out at
arise let's goe into the streete, a windowe within.

Some

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Some wondrous broule I doubt there is,

I am so fast wrapt in the upper cheete.

Pedante.

That I can not get out, I pray you make not such haste,

Till you thinke that the hottest of the broule be paste.

Fortunio

Stay Captaine, lay no handes on me, a Gentleman I am,
And will not flitte,

Woe worth the time that to my house he came.

Ottau.

Ottauiano, what's the cause of your lamenting crye?

Sbirri.

Let's knowe, hath Sir Fortunio done you any iniurie?

Enter Fedele and Pedante with weapons.

Fedele.

Come quickly man, let's see this Pageant ere it take an ende,

Pedante.

He that breaks me of my sleepe, is none of my frende,

Virginia.

Ah wretche that am I alas, and halfe vndone,

Pedante.

What strange kinde of broule is this that is begonne?

Ottau.

Is it Fortunio in deede? This is thy treacherie, Medusa.

Medusa.

Mine, alas god Sir, you doe me iniurie,

I graunt that after I had brought my young mistresse to bed,

Feeling the sleepe shut vp mine eyes,

and drooping with my head,

I laide me downe to take my rest, and so with haste forgot,

To locke the doores about the house, and how it comes God wot,

I can not tell, but when I set a nap and wooke againe,

I heard a bustling in the darke, and then did I complaine.

And cryed aloude to you for helpe, whereat immediatly,

This Gentleman withowte him selfe, and forth began to sye.

Master.

Pedante.

What sayst thou?

Fedele.

Your cake is doowe,

Pedante.

It killes me to thinkes on it: the greater my woe.

Fedele.

This is lucke midget with all my heart,

Crack-st

I am glad, that I haue some body to take my part.

But oh that my handes were at liberalitie now to strike,

I would set my Gramariner a lesson to pike.

Ah Sir Fortunio, vse you thus the man that lou'de you best,

Ottau.

Take him, this villainie shall not be turned to a iest.

Quiet your selfe Ottauiano, sith it is so past,

The brute will not be called backe so long as life dooth last.

Sbirri.

His punishment makes not your daughter as she was before,

G. iii.

But

A Pleasant Comedie

Ottau. But gine her vnto him to wife, and talke of it no more.
His living is as good as yours, make vp the match with speede,
Pere de la Roche hath no lawe, I am content, if they be bothe agreede.

Virginia. Alas I never knew the man, he never toucht me yet,
I loue Fedele, and he alone is for Virginia fit:
I'lle take no wife at second hande, thankes for your curteisie,
Let him that hath possesse your hono: weare the same for me.

Fedele. In every Tennis Court in the wold, false play it is found,
To take vp the Ball at the second rebound.

Fortunio. Virginia, if that you can be content,
To like of him that loues you in his heart:
Gine me your hand, and if your minde be bent,
To marrie me, I never meane to parte.
My life, and living, more you can not craue,
Remaineth yours, doe now but aske and haue.

Virginia. I thank you Sir, in that it pleasest you to vse me so,
My promise was nigh graunted to Fedele long ago.

Fortunio. But he hath now forsaken you.

Fedele. Virginia, you are free,
Assure your selfe, your marriage never shall be fraide by me.

Virginia. Then if you loue I will be yours.

Fortunio. Shall I haue your good will?
You haue.

Fortunio. I loue you then, and meane to loue you still.

Medusa. Now man and wife, Ottauiano hearken vnto me,
Although this Gallant in Virginias chamber you did see.
Yet is her honour as it was, unspotted by the same,
And kept by me, which euer had regarde vnto her name.
Fortunio made his mone and said, he lou'de Virginia best,
Virginia for Fedèles sake could never take her rest.
His minde was on Victoria, Virginia light esteeme.
Now that Virginias life and libertie might be redēende,
I brought Fortunio to the house when she was fast a sleepe,
And close this night into her chamber both of vs did crepe.
I made him to vnbrace him selfe, and presently did call
For you to come, as though some greater matter did besall.
You came, he fled, and now is taken in Fedèles sight,
As though Virginia had dishonoured beeē by him this night.

which

oftwo Italian Gentlemen.

Whiche is not so, but this was done to bleare the gazers eyes,
To pleasure him, and save her life, this thing did I devise.

Pedante.

¶ O mischievous head, maister did you heare this geare,
Such a girle is worth golde in a deare yere.

Crack-st.

¶ I Apse tispe, tittle, tittle este amen,
Such a wench is not be found in the worldagaine.

I haue heard it often, and nowe I do proue,
That women are subtle woxnes for the connariance of loue.

Ottau.
Fortunio.

¶ If this be true I joye

¶ Els take my head,

I came not nigh Virginia, although she were in bed.

Fedele.

¶ Fortunio you are quritte with me, for when we lay in stowte,
To watch by faire Victoriaes house, who passed in and out.

It was my man disguisde, that issued forth out of the same,
That for the nonce by me was set, to call Victoria by her name.

He went unto Atilia, with counterfeited loue,

That by his meanes, from sayre Victoria I might you remoue.
You seeing him, and hearing when he came so;th, what he said,

Thought he had bene with her,

When he had bene but with the maide.

Whereat you stownde, and left the chace
of her that loude you daere,

Whiche is no grieve at all to me, that hopes to winne her haere.

Victoria.

Therefore Victoria now forget Fortunio whiche is losse,
And loue Fedele, who for you, yet never spared coste.

Let fall thy wrath, for giue me too, that meane's to be thine owne,
Tis seldom seen but warres haue end, whē foes are ouerthown.

With you haue so preuented me, and perfect loue protesse,
I will put vp the iniurie, and yours for ever rest.

¶ My nose is ioynted, I may goe shde the Gosling now if I will, Crack-st,
He that eats with þ devill without a long spone, his fare wil be ill.

What spirits of the Buttry were abroad this night,

I haue bee ne so hard harted to mine enemies,

that I thinke all the Gods of loue ought me a spite.

I graunt I am none of these fine Criminadoes,

that can tumble in a Gentlewomanas lap, and rumble in her eare,

But without vantage be it spoken,

I am as god as the best at the push of a speare.

Jean

A Pleasant Comedie

I can cut and slash to make mine enemies to blode.

And picke it proudly I tell you, when I am surmounted by my

Mistresse Victoria, now I see this onely rests to knowe,

What shall be done unto your mayde, or shall we let her goe?

Sith with Crack-stone this night, you tooke my maide so shorte,
To prison with her if you please, to cut off her resorte.

God mistresse beare with me, I tooke no hurt by hym at all,
But meane to tell you justly how the matter did besall.

The Scholemaster that on Fedele ever doth attende,

Promiste to marrie me this night, my seruile life to ende.

Upon whose word, from you I fled, and staide for hym in the streete

Where I against my will, with this Crack-stone did smote.

Whiles to thy biase, master Pediculus, I pray you take your wife,

You and I for this matter will not stande at strife.

Are you remembred what you said when you consulted with me,
To come hether in this parrell secretly.

Sith that maister Crack-stone, and mistresse Attilia,

you are welcome to the buttes,

Welcome with a knaves name, I beshrumpe your guests.

Why so Sir? (should sic.)

Dost not thou tell me, that in this parrell mistresse Victoria I

This night in the streete to be compensated of my iniurie,

So you may if you please, take your eyes in your hande,

Turke about our, and see where Victoria doth stande.

And as for Attilia, as you drew, so bate,

I am not so base minded your leauings to take.

Whyn maister Pedante, will you serue me so?

I must I perceiue whither I will or no.

Draue vittaine.

Soft there Crack-stone, be not too rash to proffer fight,

You and this mayde together in the barke were tame this night.

The matter is suspitious, sith he forlaketh her,

To take her to your wife no thire you should deferre.

We cannot force her upon him, sith she was tame with you,

And howsoeder you cloke it, none your meeting can allowe.

Well sith there is no remoore of conscience to be founde,

How sait thou Allise tittle tattle,

art thou content by loue to be bounde?

Fox

19447

Pasqualigo, L.

1